Every mouse

By Jorge Saxon

Chapter One.

I think that you ought to do yourself a favour by remembering that I am permanently in a state of malaise and my back is always hurting. At any given time wherever in my spectrum of (~?) human emotion I permeate a sharp note of drudgery and exhaustion that gives me a splitting headache.

A dissonant semi-note repeating obtrusively 60 revolutions a minute by quartz timepiece. It has no mouth and it is screaming in silent overtones. Right this instant, it is puncturing the back of my throat with its worm-writhing septic teeth. As you read, it is viscerating remaining coherent thought from unfurling synaptic membranes. Right fucking now in present circa, It is freely bloodletting any (American) ounce of passion or joy that I may have once had left. It won't let go.

[None remain].

The most eclectic of joys all like a song runs its course.
You should not spare me any cent of your compassion but ought to venerate me as a god amongst men.

I am a person of obsession. I clean everything twice (twice), because when I clean it the first time I am sure to get it dirtier through the imperfections of the first cloth: This is all my fault. This is dirty. This is bad.

When it is autumn I like to carry around a big bag and pick up any leaves I see in the ground so I can later dispose of them in an appropriate manner: This is good. This is clean. This is nice.

I brush my teeth until I spit out only the most hygienic of blood.

I do not consider myself a rotten person, although I am not ripe either.
I do not like loud noises nor do I like any person that is first and foremost a noise. when I express my sentiment, the aforementioned noises say something or other, in a loud way which is loud, here I do not listen and I do not bother to rebut.

(every person is large, every person contains multitudes.)

It is frankly terrifying the depths to which you can understand a person without ever reaching ground. Sometimes you can get so lost in a person until you can no longer see the sky and all around you exists only the umbra of their inner psyche. Sometimes this will be good, sometimes this will be bad.
And you will not know which is which.
Sometimes you will be the person of your own obsession and you really do not want this.
Following this the only course of action is to abandon any human connections and never interact with any human ever, not even yourself.
This is my retirement plan, this is why right now I am saving every single penny to purchase myself a cabin in the woods with a self-sufficient garden, this is what I think the Buddha called "Nirvana". This is perfect untainted fucking bliss and this is also what my father called "The most goddamn stupid idea I've ever heard".

In the pet store near where I live there is a mouse– not a rat–a mouse–and they are big. They are obese. They are rotund, the guy at the counter with the pretty eyes said“It is the biggest mouse I have ever seen” and I believe him. I am looking to purchase him – the mouse, not the guy. Some species of mice live 2 years while others live up to 6 years. The guy at the counter said "I'm not sure which type of mice that guy is, he's just a mouse” so I don’t know exactly what to make of it.
I have never had a pet and I am scared and worried and scared.
I had a plant once which I named Dog and watered bidaily, I thought it was hilarious to name a plant Dog, my sister didn’t really understand it and my father told me it was sad to be giving a name to a plant. The florist said that Dog was a fern and that ferns need to be watered twice every day.
Here is where the issue began my dear listeners.
I purchased Dog at 2:17 PM on a Saturday (according to the receipt) and I got home at exactly 2:54 PM (according to my many wristwatches). I waited in my car for six minutes so that I could open my front door at exactly 3PM. This was good. This made me happy.
I got home and did my best to consider how to do a “Fengshui” on it, Whatever that that means.
I put it where it would get the right amount of light and did my best to make him look beautiful. I watered Dog

This was bad.
This was a mistake.
This was a worse event than the holocaust.

By watering Dog at 3:15 PM I made a contract with god. Ferns must be watered Bi-daily. That does not mean every other day. That means twice a day. That means every 12 hours.That means

every 720 minutes or some calculator worthy amount of seconds. I did not want to wake up at 3:15 AM.

But I did, because I loved him.
I loved him so god damn much– and I really did love him (I hope you believe me), I set my alarm at 3:00 PM and AM so that I could give him the attention that he needed. When you love someone you do what you must, and I did.
It did not matter that I had to wake up in the middle of the night, nor that I lost my job at Arby's for leaving mid-shift, I did what was right because ferns are beautiful and I had a responsibility to maintain.
Still, it didn't last. I started to falter, I started to make mistakes, I came home late and drunk, I woke up unevenly and once I almost missed his watering time: Minute by minute, day by day a disdain started to grow in my heart, I blamed my Dog for my mistakes, I blamed Dog for everything.

It was getting worse – I was getting worse. My mental health started to falter and my drinking got out of hand, I started verbally abusing Dog, using racial slurs against him and spitting in his leaves, he didn't respond because he was a plant.
It wasn't healthy, plants should not be the object of scorn, they deserve better, the people around me deserve better, Arby's deserves better.

I purchased a shotgun.

The murder of a Fern (fernslaughter) is not considered a crime anywhere in the world, this is because god didn't give plants a soul and as such they are not considered living beings. I killed him in the late hours of the PM with a shotgun shell to the back

of the stem. By the early hours of the AM he was dead and lying dismembered in the Costco brand plastic bag in my kitchen trashcan.
Dog was dead and I cried. I took a bath and I stayed in the bath, sitting in the corner, drinking vodka, the vodka was wet.

I confessed to the police. No one cared.

This is why I am scared of rodent ownership. I am a horrible creature and rodents are beautiful creatures– arguably more beautiful than ferns, but with beauty there always comes a responsibility to maintain; to preserve against the wilting of time. This is not something to scoff at,this is a big responsibility, mice eat food, food that comes in little pellets and is sold at Costco. Mice also poop, which also comes in little pellets and is not sold at costco.They need to be treated with the respect and virtue that you should give to any other god fearing american.
I need to learn how to be a responsible parent.
Filicide is not responsible parenting according to many sources…

Chapter I.

I am meeting my sister for brunch (a type of gentrified breakfast). I sometimes put my finger close to my eye and imagine she is a grape and I am squishing her. She doesn't like this and tells me I am immature. She speaks too much and has too much hair. She is very, very, loud and wears fake nails and fake gold jewelry around her real neck. Her "well-not-really-a-boyfriend-because-that's-not-really-how-it-wor
ks
-anymore-but-we-are-exclusive-and-I-know-his-parents-and-ever

ything-so-it-is-kind-of-serious-so-you- should-meet-him" is joining us for breakfast lunch and he is nothing to me .

When I sat down she was already there. She was trying to read the wifi password out of the napkin holder and squinting because she never wears her glasses. Her boy±friend was absent. When she saw me she was very loud while conveying no information at all. Conversation ensued.
"Yeah no, Im good"
She made some more english with her usual mouth

'Well you know just- it's fine really just focusing on work right now"
-English
"no, no one at the moment, just focusing on myself right now"
-Words
"Yeah no he is great I really like him"
-Loudly
"Yeah no, I'm just tired is all"
-Spoken
I realize people should pay attention when spoken to because this is what the bible instructs (Proverbs 18:13) . I try to unblur my vision in hopes this will make me hear better.

"So I was thinking of ordering the eggs because that older girl from work– you know danise? She told me they make the best eggs here but I told her the best eggs are back in Wisconsin in that bistro where they make 'em big and with that spicy mayo that you like so much but she told me that SHE has never been to Wisconsin but that the eggs from here are even better than those fancy bistro eggs, isn't that crazy?"

"Yohe"

“I’m sorry?”

“what.”

“She’s never even been to Wisconsin even though it's RIGHT there,I mean,how long was it again? the last time we went there it was hardly 2 hours but that was with all those bathroom stops because you bought that 6 pack of gatorade and insisted on drinking it all, but she has never been”

“Right right, well I think most people- In the world I mean not just– I mean probably most people in China have never been to Wisconsin I reckon so I don’t think. It's, that. Weird.yaknow?”
“Right”
“Right.”
“So what are you ordering, are you still on that weird diet? Because I was thinking that you could order the waffles and I could order the eggs because I know that the portions here are hugemongous [Her Sic, not mine] and the waffles are like this ( ) big, and I just know that I will feel bloated for the rest of day if I eat them all but if you order them I could take a bite and I wouldn’t feel that bad”
“By diet do you mean my celiac disease?”
“Yeah”
“Yeah. I’m still on it”

“ , ”,she said.

“It’s fine I’ll order the waffles”
“Tony told me he is coming but he is running late because of – did you hear on the radio, there was a like this st-”

“I don’t listen to the radio”
“Right, but apparently there are this big student protests going on right now about rights or something”
“That’s bad.”
“I mean it’s not really that bad, just means he is going to take a little longer to get here”
“Oh, then it's good”
“I mean I think it's a little more nuanced than that. I think…”

There was silence that was not pleasant, the silence hurt my ears with its noise. This was not your run of the mill tri-elliptic (...) silence, but a terribly longer and more obtrusive silence in the double digits of dot dot dots
“.....dots……..”
I devise an ingenious plan.

“I’m sorry I need to go to the bathroom, may I please go”
“?”, said by degree rotation her of head
“”
“Yeah sure I guess”
“Thanks”

I was being a big fat obese liar with pants on fire (like the pinocchio of yore),I had no use for any watering closet. This was all too much for me and I was not being amicable enough. I sat down in silence on the bathroom seat, I receded my head into my legs as if bracing for impact, I stayed like this for a while. Then I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I made silly faces in the mirror, stretching my lips and cheeks in weird ways so that I portrayed the visage of various queer fishes, this calmed me down. I washed my hands for the next 10 minutes but forgot to dry them.

Tony showed up wearing a beautiful Hawaiian shirt. Tony is the affirmationed friend-boy of my sister, he is neither ugly nor attractive, neither tall nor short, neither fat nor skinny.
Tony thinks he is funny.
Tony lightly jabs me in the stomach every time he meets me and compliments my hair.
Despite being unable to say anything even marginally positive about the bloke I am comforted by his presence in a way that eludes any attempt to categorize as either platonic or romantic. He was wearing mismatching socks.

After this the meal was pretty and nice,I did not fail the ensuing conversation matriculations and it could even be said that I achieved perfect social marks, neither of them realized that I am not truly human.

I will not tell you about the rest of the morning because none of it really matters in the grand scheme of the universe since the sun is going to blow up in 4 billion years.

After the meal I got in my car and sat in the radiating contained warmth while staring blankly at my windshield until I started to suffer. My father taught me from a very young age that using the air conditioner was bad for the environment and that if I used it the entire world was going to burn in hell, more over opening the windows reduces aerodynamic drag and will again cause the environment to smoulder. There was traffic because of the protest and by the time I got home I felt an enormous kinship to a piece of toilet paper on the floor of a port-a-potty.
My house is currently devoid of plants while containing the entirety of my being and I am distraught because my sister no longer exists and the silence is ticking away four times a second expunging anything that might have once existed within me.

Here I didn't even change clothes, It had become a physical necessity, I went back into my car and went to the pet store.

When I arrived I was still soaking wet and the guy at the counter had transformed into a woman at the counter, I asked her to bring me the mouse post haste and she did so with 7.25$/hr zest and laid the white mouse in the gray cage in the black table where it now sat with questionable animation.
The mouse that laid witness here was not rotund in shape, nor obese, nor was it "the biggest mouse" that kind eyed counter-guy had ever seen, instead this was a rather triangular and skimpy looking mouse which disgusted me to my very core.
When interrogated, the woman at the counter confessed, this was not the same mouse from earlier, but rather, a murine pretender, and a pathetic one at that. My beloved had been whisked by his whiskers by some sort of mousenapper.
To say I was distraught would be an understatement, however to say that I killed her in blind rage would be an overstatement.I went to my car and cried real manly tears until I got bored of their saline taste and the guy from the parking lot attendant asked me what was wrong and if I needed my parking validated.

Nothing was wrong, everything was right as rain and the world was a perfect floating sphere because I am fiendish and tricksy. I had a plan and more than a plan I had little respect for the laws of the land. I went to the nearest ATM and withdrew every last Benjamin in my savings account– leaving the other presidents alone for a rainy day– Interestingly this ended up being precisely the dozen needed to fill a criminal jury.
Fortunately for me 1200 dollars was enough to bribe the woman at the counter to charitably provide me with the telephone number of the person who had stolen my first born rodent son–

although it took a lot of convincing from myself to express to her that, yes, I was serious about this.

I may not be a detective and I have never partaken in any of the investigative arts but what I have done is watched every single season of NCIS on Bluray™ not once but twice along with the bloopers– through my vast wises (Internet; three seconds) I was able to procure myself the delectable address of the disgusting purchaser– who for all we know may even be a murder/pedophile.
The house of this very bad bad man (or woman,equal rights and all that) was now accessible to me. Life is full of such beautiful opportunities.

Have I ever told you how much passion exists within me? It's not really much, it's not nearly enough to quench me but the arid warmth of their miscellaneous embers are more than enough to compel me to do what is right. I needed to do what was right.
I want to clarify that I am in no way mentally ill nor insane (I have been tested). I do not intend to do anything heinous. I am clear enough of mind to understand that this possessor does not in any way understand what they have done. After all from their perspective they have not done anything wrong, they have simply purchased a verminous pet which they intend to love with what little love they can expend. They had not been informed that I had dibs.

I wetly got in my car.

My sister loves me. I love her. I love her because she is a wonderful person who makes me feel seen and appreciated, yet she only loves me out of familiar requisite- I am a job she clocks in on occasion for a single-figure wage in the form of a clear

conscience. I am a burden on her no matter how much I refine myself. My father and mother both loved me but I never earned their love, it was given as an inheritance upon my birth; they told me that they would love me no matter what and they never understood how much this lessened its worth.
A mouse would love me for myself because of myself and only myself, This is good. This is clean. This is pure untainted fucking bliss and what can finally make me happy and perfect.

Introduction.

The first thing you need to know about breaking and entering is that if the lights are kept on at night they are likely on a vacation; don't forget to wear latex gloves and a mask covering.
The second thing you need to know about breaking and entering is that it is exceedingly fun. Once you really get into it it may be hard to remember that above all the purpose lies in the (entering) latter and not the (breaking) former, still, you are allowed to have your fun: throw some stuff around, break a lamp or two, you are going to hell anyways.
The house was a two floored american, eggshell and proud, and gave the impression of clutching its purse whenever it saw a minority. In its stairwell there were a lot of pictures of an atomic family with 2.5 children exempted from Solomon's judgement (3 children). In every photo the father always put two fingers behind one of his trinity while making the toothless placid smile of the photo-averse introvert. I understood that this was not the family of dictators or murderers because none of them had an evil mustache or a cape. The people who lived in this house were born of fathers and mothers who were born of fathers and mothers. They were perfectly happy, happily perfect and perfectly clean and in their derelict house I was nothing more than a criminal stain.

Upon the second floor to the left of the stairwell there was a bedroom with a poster– this must invariably be the room of one of the children (as adults are not allowed to own posters). Squeaking could be heard through the door and I understood their language.
My mouse was crying to me because he understood that I,his biological father, had come to save him from his Nike branded prison. My mouse, He was crying to me to bring him to my pleasant home where he belongs.He was crying to me and I rushed to his aid–Unlocking his cardboard prison cell, I held his spherical body in my left hand which he bit and gnawed on until it bled thanks to his overbearing love.
I opened my brown faux-leather suitcase and placed my son gently upon a pillow I had prepared for the occasion. I took out the pretender, triangular mouse which I had bought and brought from the pet-store and placed him upon his new ~~home~~ house.

When I was younger I religiously watched the animated Cinderella movie every night to fall asleep. I know very well that mice are able to understand human language and have many magical abilities. I explained to the triangular mouse what his new life would entail; the unfortunate truth that he was most likely going to die soon due to the inconsiderate nature of prepubescent keepers and the imperativeness of not arising suspicion from his captors, I had also prepared various diagrams in case he was more of a visual learner. I took the time to refill his watercup, cleaned his domicile and left him with some of the finest treats that I could offer; This was the least I could do for him and likely the last act of kindness he will ever receive in his meager mangy mendacious murine malodorous life.

With the jail break accomplished I set out to make the necessary amends, I made my way to the parents bedroom where I was sickened to find they slept upon the same bed. I am a very wise person and as such I keep the majority of my savings in gold (in preparedness for the rapture), I considered one troy ounce of gold sufficient reparations for the damage I had caused to their lovely home and attached to it I left a note explaining everything through the language of clever lies:

> Hello! you may not know me but you must understand that I am eternally sorry!!! I am a very kind prince from a far off land who after a heavy night of partying and drinking found myself accidentally breaking into your domiciles! I hope you will understand that I bore no ill intentions and that I have not stolen anything from your beautiful house! There is no need to press charges my friends!!! Everything is perfectly alright and you have no need for concern! I have attached a pure gold coin worth 3 thousand of your beautiful american dollars as reparations for the lamps and windows that I haphazardly broke!! Happy Hanuka/Christmas and may your new year be prosperous and kind!!
>
> XOXO, mysterious and handsome prince.

Having left myself an airtight cover that is sure to leave any would-be detectives in a wild goose chase of princely investigations I patted myself on the back for a job well done – I actually did pat myself on my physical back although I did not understand why. I joyfully broke a couple more windows and left through the front door which they had left open because they were white.

First chapter.

In your extended stay upon our everything that will ever be, you are surely to come a cross a thought which does not intrude but rather penetrates into the deepest core of your endless being while reaching out to the farthest edges of your definite boundaries, these thoughts are born of guilt and take the form of Big Worms with the diameter of a coarse string, the length of eternity and the stiffness of a steel needle. He will enter into your mind by eviscerating your inner most corner of your eye with His denticulated surface. He will be received with open arms by your moral righteousness, He will ensnare, He will writhe,He will wiggle and boogie-woogie. He will not let you a moment respite until you have had proper penance and all becomes right once more. The worms come in the four distinct humours of yore (Blood, Phlegm, Black bile and the other one) with the worst being by far will be your encounters with The Worms of Black Bile. These Worms will ask you in no uncertain terms why you think you are deserving of the air in your lungs and the love in your heart and will evict you of them if they are not justified beyond any (un)reasonable doubt. They are not parasitic but rather hosts for any parasitic or obsessive tendencies that had already existed inside of you since the moment of your birth.

For me The Big Worm of Black Bile infected me in the summer before my 13th birthday. It must be remembered that my mother is a great woman who accomplished a lot during her short life. She had very high expectations for me because she wanted me to be great, from the ages of 5 until 21 on the day of my birthday

she asked me to spin a wheel which she prepared specially for me, in which each arc division of the wheel was a “Special Challenge" which I had to complete during the next year. These challenges were meant to be hard, and they were meant to make me suffer. She promised me she would whip me If I did not accomplish them however I always completed the challenge because I, much like my mother, always strived for greatness.
For my 12th birthday I had the challenge to run a marathon sometime during the year, like every other year I completed this challenge because I,much like my mother, know how to love correctly. She told me she was proud of me and took me to watch a movie and took me for ice cream. She then held me with both arms and started speaking to me in the decibel reduced soft tones of composed parentage, the way she held me made it uncomfortable for me to hold on to my ice cream cone. She said “Strawberry, do you know why I give you these challenges every year?”, to which I responded that she gave me this challenge because she wanted me to grow up to be great and strong like her and daddy, she was looking in my general direction but not directly to my eyes and she said “When your sister was born, I held her in my arms and stroked her hairs while she cried, when she finally opened her eyes I saw the most beautiful glint in her iris –her eyes are a dark brown now but when she was crying I was convinced that they were green and full of life and meanings, even before she learned how to speak she knew so many different meanings and emotions. I cried with her and our tears melted together and even though I felt a great sadness it was the happiest I had ever been”, “When you were born you were very skinny but you had a very large head, the doctors didn’t know if you were going to make it so they put you in this big plastic machine-box which made a lot of noises and the noises of the machine and your own melted together, you were born bald and I used to stare in silence at the reflection of your

head for hours on end seeing so much of myself in the reflections, I cried so much because I didn't want you to die and I wanted you and your machines to stop crying, I prayed to God and after a while I started praying to the Gods of other religions to hedge my bets. After a month they took you out of the plastic box and I held your little hand but you pulled it away, you opened your eyes and they were blue and beautiful but you didn't have any glint behind it. They were empty and meaningless just like you.
For the longest time I thought you were born without a soul and that a demon had possessed your body and taken your place, eventually I understood that even if you had a soul you were born without a Meaning, God gives every single person a Meaning when they are born which they need to achieve during their lifetimes to get into heaven but when I prayed to god and he saved you he forgot to give you the Meaning and I knew I had to give it to you"

I looked in the direction of my mother but not directly at her eyes. The ice cream was melting on the floor now and my hand was very sticky. This was bad, this was dirty.
I licked the ice cream in my hand. The black worm was in the ice cream.

My mother died the next month and my father got drunk for the first time and he screamed at the ceiling fan my mother had used to escape until his voice ran out.
Her last will and testament was read to me by a man with an unibrow, she explained that she had left a storage unit and exactly 8 five dollar bills, she explained through the voice of the man with the unibrow that she had prepared Wheels of Challenges for the next 8 years along with videotapes wishing me a Happy birthday for the reasonable future, she also left the

lash which I was commanded to use if I ever failed. Every year until my 21st birthday I spun the wheel in silence, watched the videotape of my mother wishing me a happy birthday in silence and got a challenge which gave me The Meaning. When I finally completed the challenge (and I always completed the challenge) I always went out to buy an ice cream cone with the same bill she left me only now I did not try to eat my ice cream. I just stared at it while it melted in my hand and got it dirty.

I had accomplished everything I had set out to do in my life. I was now a proud owner of a diabetic mouse and after 5 years I had finished my communication majors from bumfuck community college. Two months ago I had a legally required 7 percent raise at Arby's and my wax wings were soaring ever higher. It may surprise you then that despite my various accolades and successes I have not yet figured out The Meaning or how to feel any sort of lasting happiness. The average person follows a holistic approach to happiness, they follow paths of least resistance and maxima of pleasures until they are satisfied with the years they were given. The average person is the stupidest creature on this planet and is also a myth. True lasting happiness is structured, Pleasure is thoroughly anhedonic and bureaucratic and that is the way it ought to be.
Each Second week upon receiving my check for 472 dollars (After Fema) from Arby himself, on a friday at 6pm, I divide up into 3 equal parts. 157.33 (Recurring) Will be donated to the girl scouts when they knock at my door with their foreboding grins, 157.33 (Recurring) Will be saved for the rainy days or the sunny days that go out of their way to respite my fortunes.
The remaining 157.33 (Recurring) will be spent on lavish toys and accessories for Squeep, my beautiful circumferential mouse which I am allowed to buy on his behalf.

I must explain that my father is very rich because he works harder than the poor,undeserving people who ain't. This is how I am able to afford a lavish lifestyle above the poverty line–my father loves very much and is a good person because he is rich. He gave me a credit card so "I don't starve to death" and so "I don't have to bother to him if I ever fuck up again" ,I use his money to pay my rent and to purchase my food and other luxuries. I do my best to subsist only on rice and McDonald's because it's all I deserve.

I have uncovered a deep and famished hole at the core of my being which I have until very recently disregarded. After my debut into grand-mouse-larcerny I discovered a lot about myself. I wanted my mouse and I perfectly executed a plan to retrieve him. It's now been almost a month and he's been living with me for what seems to be the entirety of my life, he seems perfectly content and he is never going to die.
When I took him I felt wrong and evil. But with time I learned to live with (and in spite) of myself. What I realized is that any pleasure that I have ever felt in pursuing my own contentment was a mid-day candle to the happiness I felt in doing stuff for Squeep. Squeep was born with very little intellect and does not need to pay taxes and this was beautiful. He lives a simple life but despite this I can see so much glint in his eyes and so much meaning in his mundane activities. I gave him a misnomered hamster wheel and in this simple activity he is able to find more happiness than I have ever been able to attain from any narcotic compounds.

Through Squeep I understood what I had grasped for so long, complexion is wrong and insolent and only through animalistic simplicity can someone be truly clean[1] This shall be my new

[1] This is wrong, this is a bad idea, you aren't thinking straight, please reconsider. please.

principal directive. I need to understand how to be only an animal.

Foreword

“

There is no place more magical in the entirety of explored reality than the rockford pet adoption center down by the old abandoned coal mine, it’s beauty knows no bounds will never tarnish, the oxford english dictionary defines beauty as-.”, Is how I started my cover letter for internship program at the adoption center, “Since I was a very young baby, I knew that when I wanted to grow up I wanted to work at the rockford pet adoption center down by the old aband-”, was at the top of the third page of my cover letter, “Useful,Good work ethic, Good at menial tasks, these are all words my parents have used to describe me and which-”, 18th page of my cover letter, 4 rows down, I got a little carried away.
I also lied in my resume which is a neat little trick that my father taught me when I applied to Arby’s (you should try it, it’s free); I may or may not have claimed that I invented dog food and the boston terrier.
Needless to say I got the fucking job.

The manager was a girl with vitiligo and a earrings in the shape of little caricatures of the welsh corgi; the last time I met a person with vitiligo I innocently asked them if they were part giraffe and they cried so hard they threw up and their mother had to pick them up from middle school, this time It went significantly better and the giraffes never came up once during our short introduction.

They introduced me to my humble abode, she explained that I would eventually get used to the barking and meowing and screaming and shitting and that It was completely normal for first timers to break down in tears during their first graveyard shift. She explained that they don't usually give first time volunteers the night shift however because of my "...insistance" and my "dot dot dot qualifications" an exception was made. I was moving up in the world; yesterday I was sous-chef at Arby's and my boss open-palmed slapped me for putting ice in the deep fry (bet; coworker). Today I have an unpaid internship where I can sit on a reclining chair and the buttons on my computer have letters instead of pictures of burgers while 50 animals are screaming at me in some sort of foreign language.

When she finally closed the door it was fluorescently bright and the particulate dust holograмed across the long rectangular room. To the left of the entrance, the specimens, bunk-bed cages stacked 3 floors up and decorated with informational nametags. To the right there was a desk which has not been moved since the Reagan Administration. I had under my care and under my ass a rolly-chair of rolly fame, which I used to imitate the humble spinny top. In the animals there existed three harmonious but distinct tribes, all competing for my attention and all equally loud. The dogs were the most passé of the bunch and they already have enough media attention. The cats were all either underfed or orange and morbidly obese (like the Garfield), I was told by my supervisor that this was intentional "Many people come here looking for pets for their children, when a child buys a pet they are either looking to become a saviour or to have something cute, they will go to their parents and say "Mommy mommy this one–this one we need to help her!" or "Daddy, daddy this one looks just like the cartoon!" and they will scream until they get the one they want. We try to feed the cute ones more so

they get cuter and we starve the ugly ones so they get the pity vote".

The final tribe is the most noteworthy of them all: They are green and slimy. They are the reptiles and they commend backhanded awe from the more eccentric customers and wandering stoners. I could not blame you if you had mistakenly assumed reptiles to be silent and stoic. After all, our children are never taught their onomatopoetic languages, they do not meow nor do they woof or arf, but if you were blind and noseless and covered in a thousand ears you could definitely hear if they were close nearby. I hold a lot of respect for the lizard-folk; an uncle once explained to me that they control the government and I think they are doing a pretty good job at it for their small stature. Under my fleet there were not hundreds nor millions but exactly 8 cold-blooded comrades which kept me company during the sleepless shifts.

When I started my great and terrible job I bought a notebook and a set of crayola crayons which I have used to make detailed profiles on each of my newly acquainted friends. I memorized their 54 names and memorized the detailed lists which I constructed of their individual likes and dislikes.

Of all of them almost all of them enjoy the sounds of classical music except for a golden retriever named Bonny which screams bloody murder and only calms down with the music of Kendrick Lamar. I bought various colored lights which I have used to learn the favourite color of each single one. I show them current news, both national and international and analyse their political viewpoints. I was surprised to learn that most dogs were Republican and Cats leaned more towards Liberal Welfare; the lizards were either very racist or very xenophilic, and made noises which were either racial slurs or mating calls when shown a pictures of Barack Obama, I take a picture of each one every day and keep competitive rankings on their behavior.

In my quest to learn their teachings I have bought for myself a dog bed, I started drinking my water from a bowl and eating my food from a through. You might be mistaken in your beliefs that animals are “Unclean” and “Dirty” and “Ewwww get it off me gross” but you could not be further from the truth. When the earth was made everything was clean, the trees rustled in the wind in symmetric melodies, while animals sang show tunes and held hands together. The dirt was perfectly clean and every single organism was exactly where it ought to be. Entropy was born in a womb of thought by rebellious monkeys with opposable thumbs and reality has been crooked since their sapience. We made our dirty fire with our dirty hands because inside of us there was hatred and malice whose fire consumed and subsumed until nothing was left of nature and structure.

Inside of my house I installed a beautiful and glistening custom built human sized mouse wheel which I have started using each day until blood comes out. You might scoff and berate the triviality of the mouse but he is a highly skilled master. I know first hand the difficulty of his task, when you start spinning upon your wheel many thoughts will enter you and many other thoughts will leave you and you will know primal fear. You will be running at full speed until your foot gets stuck upon a metal segment and you will see a bone coming out of your skin below your knee; they will not treat you at the veterinarian and you will have to go to the human hospital.

You will eventually become the master of the wheel and become one with the mouse. You will fly and the wheel will become your plane, thoughts about arithmetic and philosophies will recede leaving only pure animal instinct. You will master the squeak, you will grow whiskers, you will become voluptuously rotund.

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I think that you ought to do yourself a favour by remembering that I am permanently in a state of euphoria and my smile is always crooked. At any given time wherever in my spectrum of animal (~?) instinct I permeate a pungent odor that makes dogs throw up and children cry. I no longer speak english and there is something yellow and fungal growing on my left ear.

[None remain]

I-I forgot what I was going to say here, I'm sorry.

I am a person of aloofness, my breakfast is my dinner and it consists of insects I found on the ground and leaves I find on the street, everything is scary and there is an eviction notice on my cage. I have regular erotic dreams about swiss cheese.

I do not consider myself a person. Although I am not a person either.
I simply do not like anything that I do not understand and that sparks rational thought. When I try to express these opinions

my sister says something or other with tears in her eyes and a distressed look on her face, here I do not listen and I do not offer rebut.

What I am and how I act is all that I will ever be and nothing else matters, my skin defines the entirety of my being and behind it lies perfect symmetrical empty. Society exists all around me but ends bereft before my feet.

[Every mouse is meek; Every mouse is singular]